

A Fawcett Publication



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NO. 30



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A COMPLETE WESTERN NOVELETTE

THE NIGHT RIDERS

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Marvel**

**The Marvel
Family**

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EAGLE**

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western

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WESTERN

MOTION PICTURE COMICS

MASTER
COMICS

LASH LARUE
WESTERN

Bill Boyd
WESTERN

WESTERN HERO

TEX RITTER
WESTERN

**funny
animals**

Gabby Hayes
Western

**HOPALONG
CASSIDY**

WHIZ
COMICS

Rocky Lane
WESTERN

**CAPTAIN
VIDEO**

FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC

**DON
WINSLOW**
STAR OF TELEVISION, MOVIES, RADIO

KEN MAYNARD
WESTERN

**Six-Gun
Heroes**

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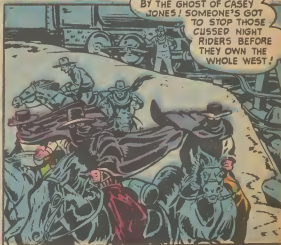
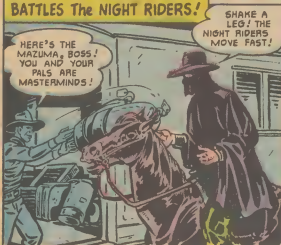
GABBY HAYES

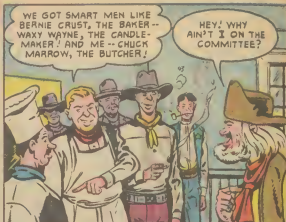
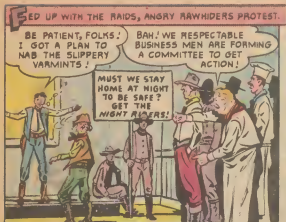
BATTLES The NIGHT RIDERS

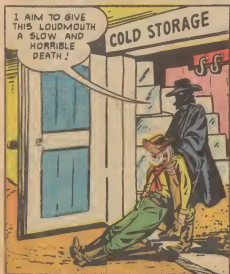
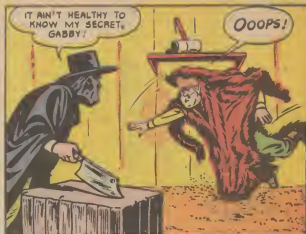
chapter
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THE
TERRIBLE
TRIO

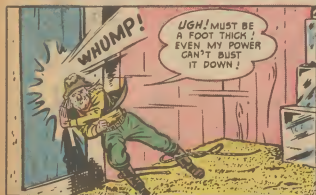


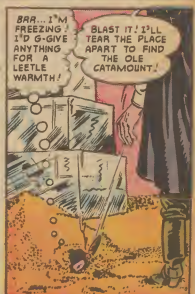
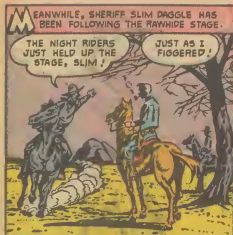
BATTLES The NIGHT RIDERS!

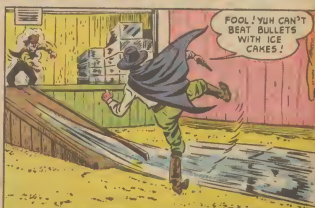
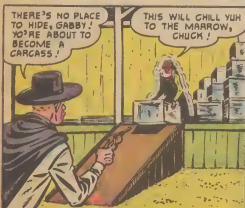














GABBY TURNS IN CHUCK AND
THE EVIDENCE TO SHERIFF
SLIM DAGGLE.

WHO ARE YORE
TWO PARDNERS,
CHUCK? WE'LL
GET THEM, TOO!

NEVER! THE NIGHT RIDERS
ARE TOO STRONG AND
SMART FOR THIS
ONE-HOSS TOWN!
THEY'LL GET
ME OUT!



THE NIGHT RIDERS
WILL GET REVENGE,
GABBY! YO'RE
MARKED FOR
DEATH!



FIDDLE-FADDLE! I'LL
GET THE VARMINTS
AFORÉ THEY
GET ME!



GABBY WOULDN'T BRAG IF HE KNEW THE TROUBLE
AWAITING HIM!

VENGEANCE FOR
THE NIGHT RIDERS!
DEATH TO
GABBY HAYES!



NEXT MORNING A LUSCIOUS LEMON MERINGUE PIE
IS LEFT AT THE BAR NOTHING.

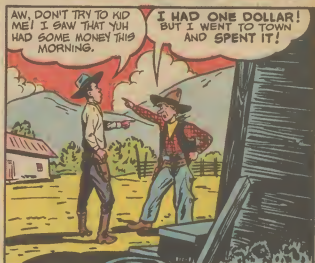
*FOR THE GREATEST
FOREMAN IN THE WEST--
FROM AN ADMIRER*!
GOLLY!



What can possibly save Gabby from a slow
and horrible death by poison?
Read chapter two of *THE NIGHT RIDERS*!

Loco Lew

WALLET WHACKY





BOYS! GIRLS!
SEND TODAY FOR THE NEW
Cracker Jack
WESTERN BELT—
IT'S A BEAUTY!

BRIGHT SILVER COLOR
 WESTERN BUCKLE

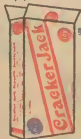
ALL-OVER
 WESTERN DESIGN

BRIGHT METAL
 MATCHING LOOP

CC-WHITE

YOURS FOR
2
Cracker
Jack
SAILOR BOYS
AND 25¢ IN COIN

Wear a Cracker Jack Western Belt. To get yours simply send the Sailor Boys from the backs of 2 Cracker Jack packages, with only 25c in coin, to The Cracker Jack Co., Desk 70, 4800 W. 66th St., Chicago 38, Ill.



COWBOYS ENJOY Cracker Jack

Wherever cowboys and cowgirls gather you're sure to find Cracker Jack there, too. It's a real Western treat this candy coated popcorn and the more they eat . . . the more they want. Be like the brawny cowboys treat yourself to Cracker Jack often. Remember, there's a surprise novelty in every pack.

WESTERN BELT COUPON

The Cracker Jack Co., Desk 70, 4800 W. 66th St., Chicago 38, Ill.

Enclosed is 25c in coin and 2 Sailor Boys taken from Cracker Jack packages for which send Western Belt, size _____ to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
 SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT—4 CORRECT, GOOD—
 3 CORRECT, FAIR—2 CORRECT, POOR!

- ① THE SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA IS THE LOWEST LAND IN THE WORLD.

TRUE _____

FALSE _____



- ② A FURLONG IS A MEASURE OF DISTANCE.

TRUE _____

FALSE _____



- ③ YOU USE "ONE ANOTHER" WHEN YOU REFER TO MORE THAN TWO.

TRUE _____

FALSE _____



- ④ JOE LOUIS FOLLOWED MAXIE BAER AS HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

TRUE _____

FALSE _____



- ⑤ VERMONT IS KNOWN AS THE GREEN MOUNTAIN STATE.

TRUE _____

FALSE _____

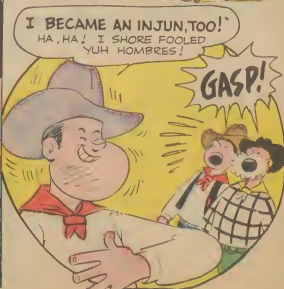
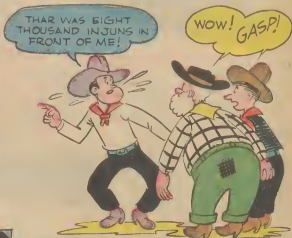
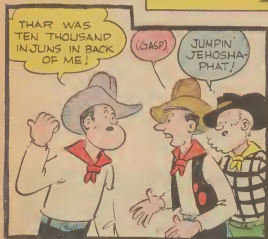
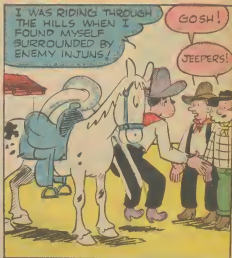


ANSWERS:

1. TRUE. IT'S 1,286 FEET BELOW SEA LEVEL. 2. TRUE. 3. TRUE. 4. TRUE. 5. FALSE. HE FOLLOWED JIM BRADDOCK WHOM HE KNOCKED OUT FOR THE TITLE.



"SURROUNDED!"





WHEN Buck Desmond rode into the town of Valley Flats, he realized, at once, that a ruckus had been in the making. Looking down the main street, the rambling cowhand saw smashed windows and with glass still littering the board sidewalks. There were fresh bullet marks in the stucco sides of buildings, and the town was quiet! Too quiet . . .

"Hm!" Buck mused, as he reined in his bay horse. "Looks like there's been a first-class riot in Valley Flats! Wonder how come—"

The lean, tanned cowboy's words choked off, as he saw what was happening in an alleyway down the street. Several gents were gathered in a menacing semi-circle around a levi-clad young rider. They were husky, heavily-armed hombres, with the tied-down guns and batwing chaps affected by men who did not make their living out on the range! Threateningly, they were closing in on the youth!

"Stand back," he cried, suddenly. "Come closer and I'll shoot! Hear me, Rego?"

"Now, now, Tad!" soothed one of the men in an oily, hoarse voice, "We don't mean no—"

But, even as Rego spoke, his hand whipped down toward his gun! So speedy was his treacherous move that it did not seem that any other human could beat him to the trigger! But, while his Colt was still blurring up, another gun roared! It spoke from behind the group of men, lancing across Rego's wrist. Half-screaming in surprised pain, the big man dropped his gun.

In a single motion, Rego and his comrades whirled!

Before them, they saw Buck Desmond, his lean hand holding a still-smoking Colt. Its barrel moved in a slow arc, back and forth . . . "That was just one bullet," the rambling cowhand said. "I've got five more in this old cannon, and it's got a filed-down hammer. Shoots fast! So clear out, all of you, 'cept that young feller there! Vamoose!"

Grimly, silently, the gunmen backed away, like scared coyotes. Soon they were out of

sight, in the alleys and back saloons of Valley Flats. Then Buck turned to the boy who waited at his side.

"What was that ruckus all about?" he asked. "You were roasting on a mighty hot spit, son!"

The boy flushed.

"Too hot," he grinned. "But I reckon my dad can tell you more about this than I can. He's Elijah Summers, Mayor of Valley Flats, and I reckon he'd sure appreciate a chance to talk to you, stranger!"

Ten minutes later, Buck and young Tad Summers were in the law office of white-haired Elijah Summers. Gathered about them were several other men, all businessmen and ranchers from the Valley Flats vicinity. Their faces were troubled, and they were looking to Buck Desmond for help.

"Desmond," the Mayor said, "we sure want to thank you for stepping in when those coyotes were about to gun down my boy! Cliff Rego and his gang are a salty bunch, all right!"

"Reckon so," Buck replied. "But what's their game? How come they've been making trouble?"

"It's a long story, mister," Elijah Summers replied. "For years, we folks in Valley Flats have been feuding with the folks in Morgan City, about fifty miles away. Leastways, *they've* been feuding with us! The situation came to a head recently, when folks in the state decided to run a big state fair. They've narrowed down the choice for the location of the fair to either Valley Flats or Morgan City! A committee of wealthy ranchers is going to visit Valley Flats tomorrow, to decide whether this should be chosen as the spot for the annual fair!"

Buck nodded. "I see," he said. "And you think that the Morgan City people are trying to make trouble—"

"Think!" Elijah Summers exclaimed. "I know! They've hired a big bunch of drifters and no-goods, gunslicks all! They aim to keep stirring up trouble in town, so that it will ap-

pear that we have no law and order in Valley Flats, and the committee will decide not to hold the fair here! They've already wounded the sheriff, and I reckon they would have killed my boy today!"

Buck clenched his fist.

"Then the problem," he mused, "is to get a loop on these critters and clear them out of town—pronto!"

The faces around the rambling cowhand nodded as one. But they all reflected a single question. "How?"

Buck stood up. "I've got an idea, Summers," he said. "As mayor, you can call a big town meeting. Do that tonight! I reckon you've got a big canvas tent you can hold it under. Make sure everyone knows about it, including Rego's thugs!"

"Including those slicks? But they'll all come. They'll try to break it up!"

"I know," grinned Buck. "And we'll be waiting for them!"

That night, as dusk closed over Valley Flats, a huge canvas tent, souvenir of a traveling show that had once folded in town, was put up, at the edge of the main street. Buck Desmond supervised the erection of the tent, and, as the canvas rose, he whispered cautious instructions to the men who were helping him.

Finally, the tent was filled with waiting townspeople, sitting on rough-hewn benches. In one corner, at the far end, sat Cliff Rego and his thugs. Scowling and mean, they waited for an opportunity to break up the meeting and provoke a fight that would last through the night! If their plan worked, the visiting committee could not fail to see that Valley Flats was no place to hold a state fair!

Now Mayor Elijah Summers rose to speak.

"Friends," he said, "we're here tonight because of this committee meeting tomorrow! We want to make sure that——"

"BOOOO!" "EEE-YIPPEE!" "Shut up, yuh old goat!"

A chorus of angry shouts and cat-calls suddenly came from the corner of the tent where Rego's gang hulked. Summers tried to continue with his talk, but again the thugs interrupted him! Buck Desmond tensed when he saw that they were starting to rise—that they were go-

ing to break up the meeting. Quickly, he raised his hand in a signal. Several men were waiting at the tent poles and guy wires. Their eyes were on him!

"Now," Buck shouted, sweeping his arm down. "Now! Drop the tent!"

His aides quickly pulled loose the supports of the tent, in the section where the Rego gang had been sitting. As the guy wires and poles collapsed, the heavy canvas slumped down like an enveloping cloud! Within a few moments, it had imprisoned the hoodlums under its weighty folds! And only the gunmen were trapped, for the tent had been cleverly rigged to fall on them alone!

As Rego and his men struggled desperately to free themselves from the canvas that pinned them to the ground, Buck quickly stepped to their side, his gun drawn. "Rego! Rego, listen!" he shouted. "We've got our guns trained on you! You can't get out! You can't see to shoot at us, but we can finish you off . . . if we want to!"

There was silence for a moment. Then, from under the canvas—"All right, Desmond! You've got us. So what?"

"So this," Buck ordered. "Slide your guns out to us, under the edge of canvas. When they're all out, we'll lift the canvas flap and let you come out, one at a time. Now! Start passing out your guns!"

AN HOUR later, the townspeople of Valley Flats stood by, grinning, as the barred door of a cattle car was nailed securely into place. Within the railroad car, they could see the angry faces of the toughs who had been terrorizing their town! Disarmed and helpless, they were being sent on a ride!

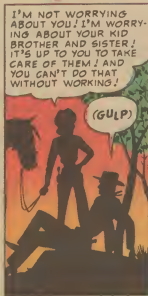
"Where do you think we ought to send them, Buck?" asked Elijah Summers. "Back to Morgan City?"

"Reckon not!" Buck Desmond replied. "They'd get guns and be back here pronto. We'd best send them to the U. S. Marshal at San Bexar. He'll figure out the best thing to do with them. And now let's start cleaning up the town again! That state fair committee'll be coming in tomorrow, and we'll want things to look just right for them!"

THE END

PISTOL PACKING PATTIE

LUMBERS
ALONG!



GABBY HAYES

BATTLES The NIGHT RIDERS

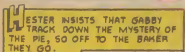
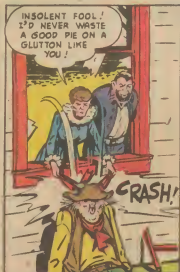
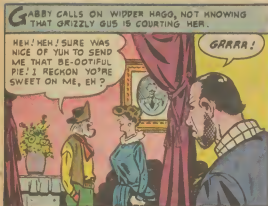
WORM! HOW DARE YOU EAT ANOTHER WOMAN'S PIE?

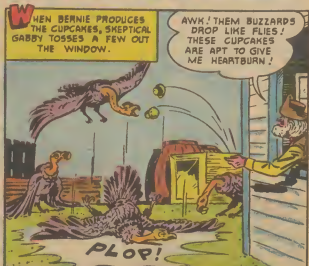
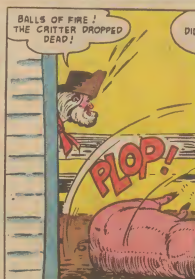
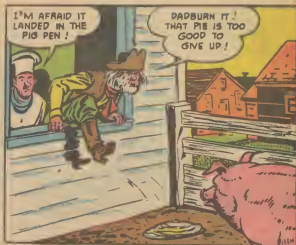
OH! DON'T TAKE AWAY THAT DEE-LISH'US PIE!

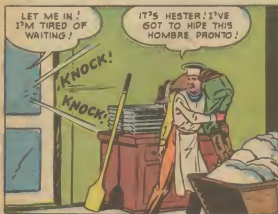
chapter TWO
A HALF-BAKED HERO

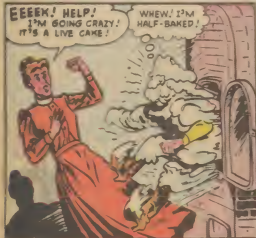
CAUGHT BETWEEN AN ALLURINGLY LUSCIOUS PIE AND THE JEALOUS WRATH OF AUNT HESTER, GABBY'S ON THE SPOT! BUT HE GETS INTO AN EVEN TOUGHER SPOT WHEN HE LEAPS OUT OF A HOT OVEN TO DUEL WITH THE INFAMOUS NIGHT RIDERS AND BECOMES A **HALF-BAKED HERO!**

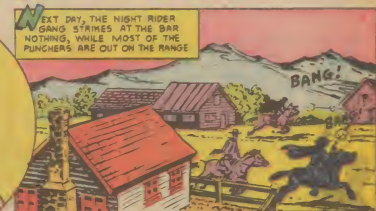












What hope is there for Gabby? Will his life be snuffed out--like a candle? Read chapter THREE of THE NIGHT RIDERS!

MUSTANG MACK

HONEST HOMBRE!

IF THAT CROOK EVER GETS ELECTED,
IT'LL BE THE WORST THING THAT
EVER HAPPENED TUH THIS TOWN!
BUT I RECKON THE FOLKS ARE
TOO SMART TUH VOTE FER HIM!

CREEPERS! LOOK AT THE CROWD LISTENING
TUH THAT BIG WINDBAG, BAN FONEY,
ELECTIONEERING FER MAYOR!

**VOTE FOR
BAN FONEY**

...AND, FOLKS, IF YUH MAKE
ME YORE MAYOR,
I'LL WORK FER
YUH DAY AND
NIGHT!

HE'LL
WORK DAY
AND NIGHT...
BUT ONLY
TRYING
TUH STEAL AS
MUCH AS HE
CAN!

FOLKS, A VOTE FER
ME IS A VOTE FER
AN HONEST MAN!

HORSEFEATHERS!

YUH YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER, HOW
DARE YUH SUGGEST I'M NOT TELLING
THE TRUTH? EVERYBODY KNOWS
I'M AN HONEST MAN!

**SHORE,
EVERYBODY KNOWS
YO'RE AN HONEST
MAN...**

...WHENEVER ANYBODY SEES YUH, THEY
SAY: "HONEST, IS THAT A MAN?"

HA, HA, THAT'S
PUTTING BAN FONEY
IN HIS PLACE,
MUSTANG MACK!

**G
U
L
P!**

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TAPE SHORTCUTS!



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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Seals without mottling

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ACCOMPANIST



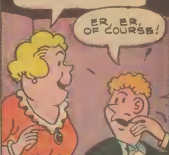
OH, YOU PLAY THE PIANO SO WELL, MISTER ACKLEY!

THANK YOU!



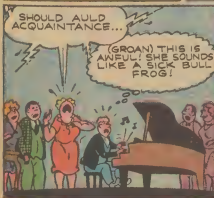
WOULD YOU ACCOMPANY ME ON THE PIANO WHILE I SING A SONG?

ER, ER, OF COURSE!



SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE...

(GROAN) THIS IS AWFUL! SHE SOUNDS LIKE A SICK BULL FROG!



STOP! STOP! MADAM, NO MATTER WHETHER I PLAY ON THE WHITE KEYS OR THE BLACK KEYS...

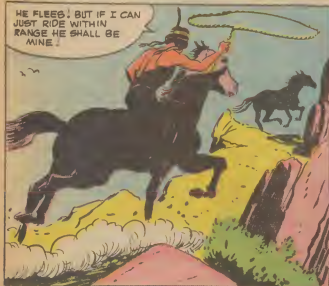


...YOU MANAGE TO SING ON THE CRACKS!



YOUNG FALCON

THE GREAT STALLION



YOUNG FALCON'S LARIAT FINDS ITS MARK,
BUT AT THE VERY SAME INSTANT---



GREETINGS, FRIEND! IT APPEARS
WE HAVE BOTH ROPED OUR PRIZE
AT THE SAME MOMENT. MY
NAME IS YOUNG FALCON.

I AM CALLED
BIG TREE---AND
THE STALLION IS
MINE!



BIG TREE, EH? IT IS PLAIN TO SEE WHY!
BUT THE STALLION IS AS MUCH MINE AS
IT IS YOURS. MY LARIAT ALSO FELL
UPON HIM.



THE ONLY FAIR THING IS FOR US
TO BOTH PULL A BLADE OF GRASS
AND LET FATE DECIDE THE LUCKY
ONE. HE WHOSE BLADE IS
LONGEST WINS THE STALLION!



NO. I AM TAKING THE
STALLION! HE IS MINE!

BUT JUST THEN, OTHER RIDERS
APPEAR, AND---

STAY YOUR TONGUE, BIG TREE!
I HAVE SEEN WHAT HAS
HAPPENED FROM THE
RIDGE ABOVE!



I AM AHU, CHIEF OF THE ONATAS!
MY BRAVES AND I HAVE BEEN
ROUNDING UP NEW STEEDS FOR OUR
CORRAL! OFTEN HAVE I HEARD OF
YOUNG FALCON. I AM HONORED
TO MEET HIM!



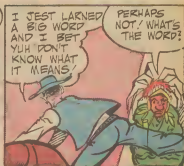
THE HONOR IS MINE,
GREAT CHIEF. EVERYONE
KNOWS THE HIGH REPUTATION
OF THE ONATAS!



BUT BIG TREE REGAINS HIS FEET AND RENEWS THE BATTLE AS ---



CHIEF GRAY MATTER

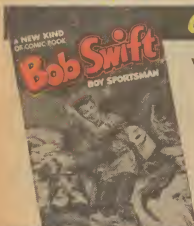


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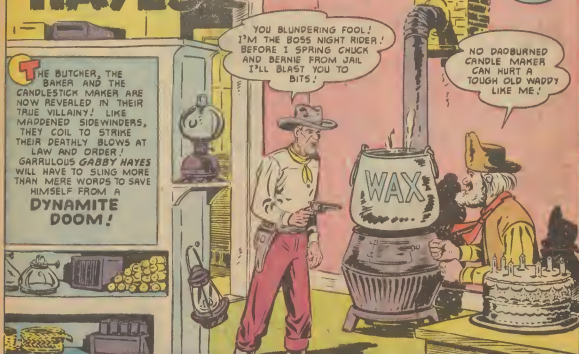
GABBY HAYES BATTLES The NIGHT RIDERS

chapter
THREE
DYNAMITE
DOOM

THE BUTCHER, THE BAKER AND THE CANDLESTICK MAKER ARE NOW REVEALED IN THEIR TRUE VILLAINY! LIKE MADDENED SIDEWINDERS, THEY COIL TO STRIKE THEIR DEATHLY BLOWS AT LAW AND ORDER! GARRULOUS GABBY HAYES WILL HAVE TO SLING MORE THAN MERE WORDS TO SAVE HIMSELF FROM A DYNAMITE DOOM!

YOU BLUNDERING FOOL!
I'M THE BOSS NIGHT RIDER!
BEFORE I SPRING CHUCK
AND BERNIE FROM JAIL
I'LL BLAST YOU TO
BITS!

NO DABURNED
CANDLE MAKER
CAN HURT A
TOUGH OLD WADDY
LIKE ME!



SEE THAT BIRTHDAY CAKE?
I'M SENDING IT TO CHUCK!
HE AND BERNIE WILL BLAST
THEIR WAY OUT OF THE
HOOSGOW WITH IT!

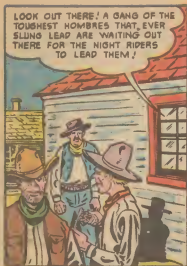
HOGWASH! SLIM
WILL LOOK INSIDE
THE CAKE TO MAKE
SURE IT'S ALL
RIGHT!



IT'S NOT THE CAKE,
CHUMP--IT'S MY CLEVER
LITTLE CANDLES! EACH
ONE IS DYNAMITE!

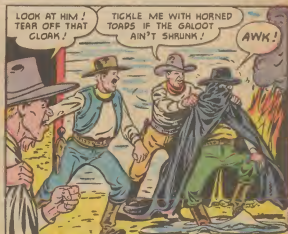
ULP!

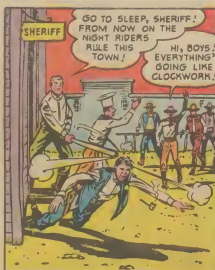
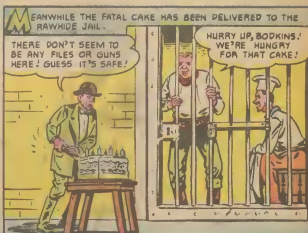
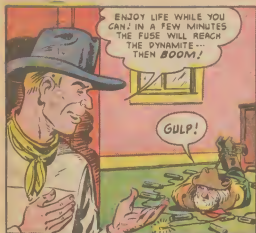






AS GABBY STRUTS BEFORE THE
BONFIRE, THE HEATED WAX MELTS
--AND THE "GIANT" SHRINKS!



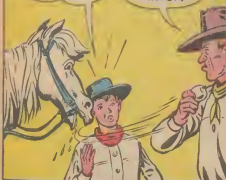


I-IT'S NO USE! I'M PLUMB
OUT OF BREATH! NOTHING
CAN SAVE ME!



I SPENT IT TO
BUY APPLES FOR
CORMER!

WHAT? NO HOSS
IS GOING TO
FEED ON MY
MONEY!



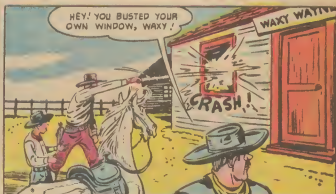
BUT WAXY WAYNE'S STINGY STREAK INDIRECTLY WORKS FOR
GABBY'S BENEFIT.

STICK CLOSE TOGETHER,
MEN! NOBODY WILL DARE
FIRE ON US!

HEY, KID! GIVE ME
BACK MY MONEY! I
GAVE IT TO YOU JUST
TO GET RID OF YOU!



HEY! YOU BUSTED YOUR
OWN WINDOW, WAXY!



CORMER IS JUST AS EAGER FOR
GOOD VITTLES AS HIS FAMOUS
MASTER!

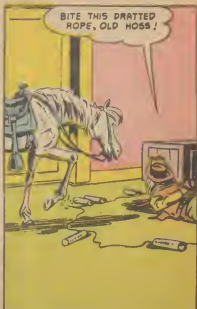
NOTHING WILL STOP
CORMER FROM GETTING
THAT APPLE!



CORMER!
JUST IN THE
NICK OF
TIME!



BITE THIS DRATTED
ROPE, OLD HOSS!





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If you own a Daisy or expect to, you and your parents need this exciting new book! AIR RIFLEMAN explains how you can join NRA as a Junior Member—diagrams new air rifle backstop—shows new "Short Range" Target Card—tells how Daisy "shooting action" works—Special Messages to parents—many other features.

**DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. 1251, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.**

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NAME _____

STREET AND NO. _____

STATE _____ CITY _____

☐ PARENTS! ORGANIZATIONS! Enclose unused 3¢ stamp for Circular or SUPERVISING or SPONSORING a junior air rifle group.

YOUR NAME _____

ORGANIZATION'S NAME (if any) _____

STREET AND NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ MEN and WOMEN! If you hunt or shoot, you belong in the SENIOR NRA. Check here for facts.



1 OFFICIAL NRA
"SEW ON" BRASSARD
(EMBROIDERED EMBLEM)



2 OFFICIAL NRA
JUNIOR RIFLE
HANDBOOK



National Rifle Association of America

This is to certify that the person whose signature appears on the other side is an
ACTIVE JUNIOR MEMBER
in good standing of this Association
for the term indicated

Secretary

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You Can Join!**

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WALLET CARD

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ORGANIZATIONS! Sponsor a junior air rifle club of 10 or more. Service clubs, fraternal organizations, churches, conservation and rod and gun clubs, municipal recreation and police departments, supervised juvenile clubs, veterans, others—write!

The National Rifle Association of America is a non-profit, non-sectarian organization of over half a million shooters. It is the oldest national sportsmen's association in the United States. For 60 years NRA has conducted America's civilian program of instruction in the safe and proper handling of firearms. It has trained 2 1/2 million boys and girls in marksmanship. Now, since the Junior Program has been extended, air rifle owners can participate in this time-tested training program.



DAISY
Air Rifles

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THE TEEN TITANS

Illustration: 1994

Illustration: 1994



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